



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### THE DEAD CANARY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

DEAR little birdie!  
All the bright hours  
Of thy innocent life  
Have gone like the flowers;  
The fair transient flowers  
That spangle the mead  
A moment, then wither  
And droop with the dead.

Sweet little Jenny!  
Thy clear silver strain  
Will welcome the morning  
Ah, never again!  
Or, when the red sunset  
Shall brighten the west,  
With soft trilling vespers  
Invite us to rest.

All sinless and pure  
Was thy beautiful lay,  
And fair is the record  
That marks thy brief day.  
Thy work is well finished,  
Thy life is complete,  
And long shall we cherish  
Thy memory sweet.

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### LOOK OUT FOR THE TEETH.

CLARA, and HARVEY, and ELSIE were playing at blind man's buff with their cousins, who were visiting them.

"That's a grand old game!" said Uncle Elly, looking in upon them.

"Yes, but it is a very dangerous one," chimed in Aunt Kitty, peeping over his shoulder. "If you must play that, little folks, you should clear the room of all the furniture."

"But we can't carry the stove out, Aunt Kitty," said Harvey.

Just then, Clara, who was blinded, hearing his voice, jumped toward him, but he dodged and she ran against the stove and struck her mouth upon its edge with great force. O how it did hurt! though she soon became unconscious and fainted away.

When she recovered she found herself in bed, and then the doctor examined her teeth. Her new front teeth that had but just grown out full length were both badly injured. The corner of one was broken, and the other was so loose that it could easily have been pulled out with the fingers. However, the doctor put it in place and her face was bound up, and she got well, but the beauty of her teeth was gone. In a few years they showed disease at the roots and began to decay, and at the age of fifteen she was obliged to have them taken out and false ones put in.

"False teeth at fifteen!" shouts Master Careless.

"Well, let us look at yours, sir! Shocking! How can you keep so foul a mouth? How often do you clean your teeth? Haven't any tooth-brush? Get one, then. But you will need something harder

than a brush to clean your teeth. Get a soft bit of pine stick and a looking-glass, and clean them thoroughly, and scour them up with prepared chalk. Even common chalk is better than tooth-powders. Then use your brush every day.

What's that you are saying? Chew tobacco to preserve your teeth? Nonsense! Poison will not help the matter. Keep them clean, that is the great secret. Clara has learned this with all the trouble that she has had. She rinses them after every meal, cleans them thoroughly every night before retiring, and takes nothing into her mouth either very hot or very cold. Notwithstanding her misfortune, her teeth are in better condition now than those of her brother Harvey, and she will have the use of them long after his are gone.

Just look at him a moment. He is a man in the prime of life, but his teeth are so nearly gone that he cannot half chew his food. Consequently, he has the dyspepsia, and that makes him sick and unhappy, to say nothing of all that he suffers with his decaying teeth. Hear what he says:

"I tell you, children, it is worth while to take good care of your teeth while you have them. Begin this very day, and do not stop as long as you live, and you will save yourself much sorrow for it."

J. C.



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### THE FIRST BOUQUET OF THE SEASON.

Lucy had a keen eye for the flowers. She was going down to the sap-bush one bright morning in early spring, not to get sugar, for the sugar season was over, but to fetch a basin that had been left there, when she spied a bunch of liver-leaf flowers in a sheltered nook where the sun shone brightly all the morning. Some of them were blue, some white, some pink, and some purple, and she gathered them all, only a dozen or so. Then she ran down to the far corner of the wood-lot, where the wintergreens grew, and picked some of their glossy deep green leaves to set off the tiny bouquet. In the afternoon, with her mother's consent, she went to carry this little treasure to her Sunday-school teacher.

It was a precious bit of spring to that young lady, for she had no leisure to go out into the woods herself. She was obliged to sew nearly all the time for the support of herself and her poor sick mother. But she had fine taste, and she knew how to make the most of Lucy's flowers. She cut the stems rather short and laid them in a saucer with a little water in the bottom, and turned a clear glass tumbler over them. It looked so like a piece of fairy-work that after Lucy went home she put up the very next flowers that she found in the same way, and placed

them upon the table in the sitting-room. Her mamma praised the device, and said that it was nice enough for the parlor center-table.

Some days later she carried another bouquet to her teacher, and to her surprise she found the first one still fresh and pretty. Her teacher then explained that the tumbler over the flowers had kept them moist and fresh. "People," said she, "often keep choice flowers fresh a long time in that way, but flowers are all choice to me. They are like smiles which God has scattered up and down the earth to make us happy and remind us of his kindness and love."

Then she brought a little magnifying-glass to show Lucy how delicately they were formed, and compared with them some artificial flowers. Lucy was amazed at the difference; the artificial flowers appeared coarse and ugly, while the natural flowers seemed even more beautiful than before. So it is with all God's handiwork; the more we look at it the more we find to admire. Lucy bade her teacher good-by that night with two happy thoughts in her little head. She never again would think artificial flowers the handsomer; and she resolved that just so long as she could get flowers she would carry bouquets to her teacher.

AUNT JULIA.

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### GOD'S GIFT.

ONE bright summer morning when five-year-old Lizzie came to her mamma's bedside, her mamma told her very sweetly and tenderly that God had sent her a little sister. At first Lizzie wondered and felt shy, but soon she began to regard the darling babe as the greatest of treasures, and she was eager to tell every one about it.

"Now," said one of the neighbors where she had been unfolding the marvelous news, "that's just what we've been wanting at our house. Your folks can spare it as well as not. I think I'll go in and get it as soon as I get through my supper."

In vain the child argued the case, assuring him that they could not spare it on any account; but when he stood up to go she bravely choked back the tears that would come, and said in a resolute tone, "But God did not give her to us to give away."

The merciless teaser had nothing to answer to this, and Lizzie went home peacefully to her little sister.

J.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.—A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body: it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us.—ADDISON.

WRITE injuries in dust, but kindnesses in marble.

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